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A MAY-DAY-DREAM.

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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

JOHN S. PUGHE.

THROUGH his death, which occurred at Lakehurst, New Jersey, on April 19th, the readers of PUCK lose a cartoonist and pen humorist who had no superior in the periodical press of America, and the makers of PUCK lose a friend and an associate whom it was a privilege to know and an inspiration to work with. Mr. Pughe came to PUCK in June, 1894, and he contributed without interruption to this paper until December 30th, 1908, when his last cartoon appeared. Coming to PUCK with a local record, Mr. Pughe's reputation was nation-wide when ill health forced him to lay aside his pen. He was in his thirty-ninth year.



NO TAX or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any State.—*The Constitution of the United States.*

Short-sighted fathers of the Republic! But for their lack of imagination there might now exist forty-odd Tariffs instead of one, and our marvelous prosperity might be forty times as marvelous. The labor of Missouri might be protected from the pauper labor of Maine, and the hated "foreigner" in Delaware might pay a tax for the benefit of the people of Ohio.

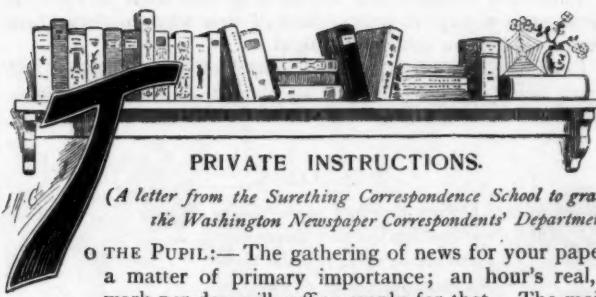
ONE of the objects of the Seattle Exposition is "to show the world that Alaska can raise other things besides icebergs." As, for instance—mosquitoes. The Alaskan mosquito is a little larger than a robin, and when on the wing is often mistaken for a small species of crane.

THAT THE local traction people are conducting their affairs on a basis of higher morality is indisputable. Here we have President Shonts of the Interborough creating public sentiment, or trying to, by means of display advertisements in the daily papers. He may succeed, he may not succeed, in massing public opinion by this means and lining it up behind the Interborough Company in the latter's tussle with the Public Service Commission; but at all events Mr. Shonts's methods are a distinct improvement over those in vogue a year or so ago in this town. The old way of "creating public sentiment" hereabouts was to buy it at two dollars per head, and having bought it, to bring a formidable array of such sentiment receptacles to a meeting of the old Rapid Transit Commission and turn in the shouts of approval or disapproval, rage or what not, at the proper moment. It was spectacular, but not in strict accordance with the principles of honesty. Moreover, it was slightly misleading to that portion of the public not included in the bargain. Mr. Shonts's advertisements, in contrast, reach a plane of morality never before attained.



EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT.
NEVER MIND THE CHAUFFEUR; GET AFTER THE OWNER.

COMMENCEMENT DAY draws on apace, and the usual number of youths and maidens will be "graduated." And yet education is as much of a mystery as ever. The right way to teach has never been discovered.



O THE PUPIL:—The gathering of news for your paper is not a matter of primary importance; an hour's real, honest work per day will suffice amply for that. The main thing you must watch is the "feature" stuff—the out-of-the-way stories. That mainly is what a Washington correspondent is there for.

In that connection, therefore, a few words to pupils at this time would seem to be not out of place.

(a) One of the very first things you must do when you arrive in Washington is to send in something to your paper about the President "cleverly eluding" his "body-guards," and romping gaily away with "the madam" on a shopping expedition, to see a baseball game, or something of that sort. This always makes a pretty story, and the chances are there are two or three people in your newspaper's town who never read it. The distress and anxiety of the guards must be dwelt upon at great length. Upset the entire Secret Service department, if you want to. Indeed, this is customary. Make it strong.

(b) Then, you must have some very distinguished person—a foreigner, preferably—play a match game of golf with the President at least once a year. Hint around that the President got an awful walloping, but never, under any circumstances, ADMIT it right out in meeting! Let his distinguished antagonist observe a solemn and smug silence. Have a little interview with the President about "'possum and taters," or something jocose like that, and say "that is positively all he would give out for publication when questioned concerning the game." Be very mysterious about this matter. It is a great "feature."

(c) Somewhere along the line—the earlier the better—picture the President "outwitting the crowds that hang around the White House gates every Sunday, hoping to catch a glimpse of him." Every well-regulated President outwits this crowd now and then, and the Washington rabble would be very much offended if your paper failed to see that the said rabble was outwitted occasionally.



"MOVING" SHAKESPEARE—GETTING THE FILMS.

RICHARD.—A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

The ounce of prevention is still only an ounce, while the pound of cure is a pound; and quantity, not less in nostrums than in newspapers, is what counts.

(d) And there is young Charlie Taft. He must do stunts every little bit. There is n't much left that Archie and Quentin Roosevelt have not already done to a frazzle, of course; but you can find prankish things to fasten on to Charley—in fact, you must! You might make him climb the flag-pole on top of the White House for exercise every morning, or have him skin-the-cat on an East Room chandelier occasionally.

(e) It is very, VERY important that you begin early to "widen the breach" between the President and Congress. And, in Mr. Taft's case, between the President and the ex-President. The latter promises to become quite a standby. "Widening the breach" is one of the Washington correspondent's most celebrated pastimes. Your job would not be worth shucks if you failed to develop into a first-class breach-widener.

(f) And there is that new pet cow at the White House. We feel sure Miss Helen Taft will be seen sneaking out some fine morning to do the milkmaid act. That should be good for two columns; all that "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" business, you know. This will not be as exciting in detail as were "Pete's" ambassadorial activities under Mr. Roosevelt's régime, of course—but sentimentally it ought to be a greater "go" by far.

(g) Another thing you must not overlook—but spring it warily and at the psychological moment: Play up a highly secret and awesome "midnight conference" at the White House, at discreet intervals, between the President and some well-known figure among the malefactors of great wealth. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is the favorite for the star part in this story, but Mr. Rockefeller (or even Mr. Harriman) will do in a pinch.

(h) Finally: Discourse elaborately every ninety days on the fact that "the President of the United States is never to be quoted." Don't neglect this. Rub it in; insist upon it! Your fellow-correspondents will never respect you fully if you forget it. It is essential to your good standing.

(i) By following these general outlines and instructions you are sure to be quite as much of a success as the average Washington correspondent ever hopes to become.

James B. Nevin.

HIS SPECIALTY.

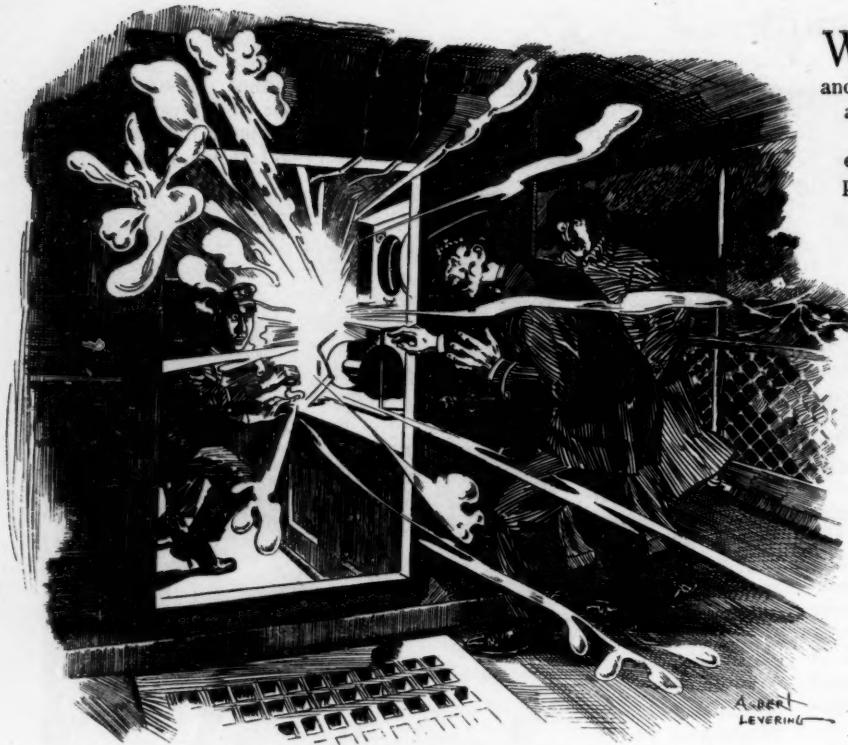
KIPPS makes mountains out of mole-hills!" "Yes. He is the writer of advertising circulars for a picturesque summer resort."

"KIPPS makes mountains out of mole-hills!" "Yes. He is the writer of advertising circulars for a picturesque summer resort."



BY WIRELESS PHOTOGRAPHY.

HIS FIRST SIGHT OF AFRICAN BIG GAME.



A WORD IN PASSING.

OFFICER.—What ails the wireless?

OPERATOR.—No danger, sir. We just spoke the Russian ship *Nijni-novgorod* *rubjikifessoffski*. That's all.

AN ABOMINATION INSTEAD.

TAM NOT kicking about the czar-like demeanor of your train crew, or the asthmatic appearance of your 5:10 train through

GOOD TIDINGS.

WE HAVE still our evangelists.

There are evangelists, for instance, of new ways to breathe, and others of new ways to walk. And of new ways to chew there are evangelists till you can't see straight.

For the gospel of to-day is a gospel of consciousness, and except a man be a great trouble to himself, so shall he likewise perish.

JEALOUS.

I WISH your face might homely grow

And marked with lines of care;

And all the rosy, youthful glow

Might leave your cheek so fair.

I wish that threads of gray and white

Your lustrous hair might shade;

Your eyes might lose their winsome light,

Your sweetest charms might fade.

For all of that—so strange, but true—

My cup of joy would fill;

For no one else would care for you,

And I should love you still!

Arthur B. Rhinow.

NEW CLOCKS FOR OLD.

JOSH.—Jerusha, here be a letter from Miss Van Astor sayin' she will give ye \$100 for that old mahogany clock of yer gran'dad's!

JERUSA.—Dew tell, Josh! Now I kin git that marbleized clock at the Corners with the gilt figgers; and Josh, while I think on it, I want you to go right down to the barn and git that drab paint left from paintin' the cow-shed last Spring. We'll give the old clock a couple o' coats. I bet that'll please Miss Van Astor a heap, and we really ought to after her bein' willin' to give such a big price.

JOSH.—I'll git the paint, Jerusha. You always wuz great on style, and Miss Van Astor kin tell her friends it's a brand-new clock!

THE HOBO AND THE HEN.



I.



II.



III.



IV.

DESPERATE CRITICS.

THE Kerosene Circuiters had a run of one hundred nights in Kansas," declared Hamdodo J. Ranter, with a dramatic air.

"Must have been an awful bum show," said the editor of the *Cobville Ferret*, dreamily. "They won't none of the Cobville boys chase you further than the town line, 'less'n the show's plum extra rotten!"

KILLING TIME.

MUSICAL COMEDY MANAGER.—How long is the piece now?

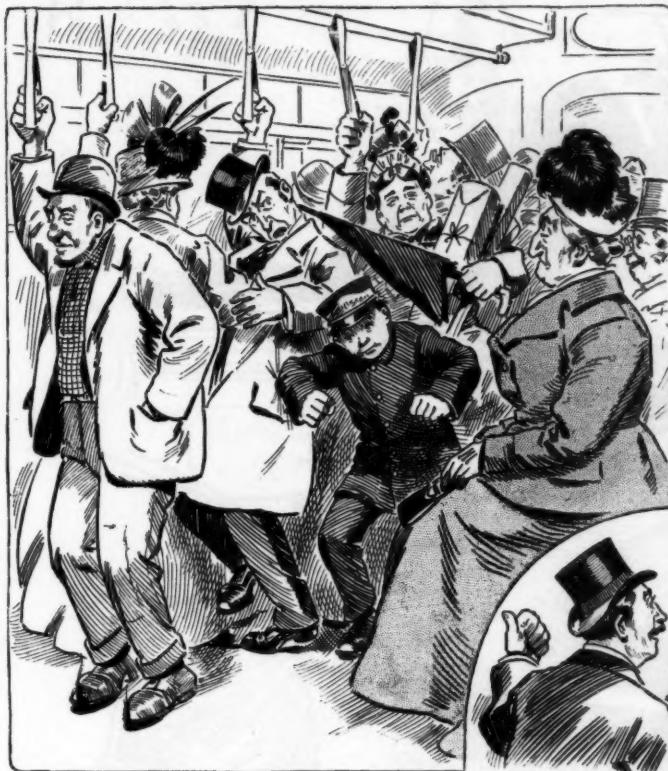
A

MANAGER.—Well, dash off a topical song about Broadway, with a dozen or so encores.

here every week day," wrote the long-suffering patron from Stubblefield Junction, "nor do I intend to beef about the odors that are wafted back from the string of cattle-cars ahead. I cheerfully pass up the fact that during the past month you have never but once arrived within an hour of schedule time, and try to forget that you hold me up for four cents a mile when the legal rate is only two. I patiently endure the perennial cross-eyed brakeman and the stout conductor with Horace Greeley whiskers. I forgive you for the windows that stick in Summer and the stove that smokes in Winter, for the hysterical shrieks of engine 2348 and the flat wheel on car 98746; for the many times the train-butcher leaves the door open between stations. But it makes me downright sore for you to call this outfit an 'accommodation.'"

PUCK

YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED THAT—



The man who kicks hardest about the crowding in the street cars is usually—



The man who takes a straw-ride in the country.

MAY-DAY.



UMBLING of wheels and the hoarse cries of draymen,
Jolts as of juggernauts loose in the street.
Menacing shout of "Now shove 'em this way, men!"
Thunderous thumping of cow-hided feet.
Crunching and crashing of beds and of bureaus
Plunging in steady streams out of the door.
Hatracks that late with hospitable view rose
Now helplessly waving their arms on the floor.

Mountains of furniture piled on the sidewalk,
Dishes and go-carts and cages of birds,
Over which people, who cannot bestride, walk,
Mincing the china, but never their words.
Then wedged into wagons by corded compresses,
Suitcases underneath boxes of books.
Kerosene cans upside down on silk dresses,
Waistcoats all wet with perfume of the cook's.

Chaos of goods where they happened to pitch in,
Darkness and dampness and rubbish in hoards.
Supper of soap-flavored bread in the kitchen,
Beds built of burlap and carpets and boards.
This is the glorious Springtime, dear reader,
May-day is evermore fraught with this woe.
It's simply the pastime of "follow-the-leader"
Adam and Eve started ages ago.

Gorton Carruth.

THE PENALTY OF FOLLY.

METHUSELAH, Jared, Lamech, and the others had gone to the Old Settlers' reunion near Ararat. It was Methuselah's 900th birthday, and he capered around like a kitten, throwing balls of ophir wood at the rag dolls, taking chances in the grab-bag conducted by the Canaan Congregational church, and acting a perfect hog about the pink lemonade barrel and the candied popcorn stand.

The man who learns to say *No* generally succeeds in this world, while the woman is likely to find herself an old maid.

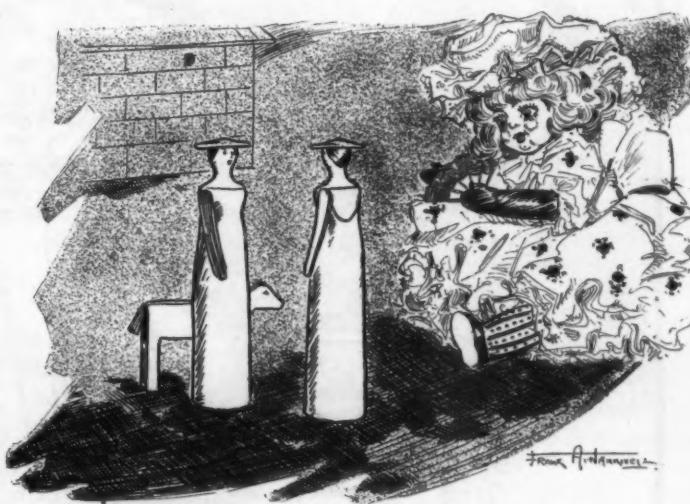
"Better be careful, Meth," Lamech warned him. "You'll overdo yourself, old man."

But the ancient cut-up paid no heed, and proceeded to ride on the merry-go-round with a woman of the Tubalites.

Alas, how fondly foolish is age! In sixty-nine fleeting years the old man was dead.

THE REASON.

ONE HALF of the world does not know how the other half lives." "Well, it is gratifying to think that one half of the world attends to its own business."



RIGHT IN IT.

ONE TOY TO T'OTHER.—My dear, the styles have finally come round to us!



WHEN WOMEN VOTE.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF THE POLLING PLACE IS LOCATED IN A MILLINERY SHOP.

PUCK

TO A SUNBEAM.



WELCOME, little sunbeam bright,
To our shining city,
Spreading far your golden light,
Killing without pity;
Making Mistress Summer's bow
Unto kings and vagrants; —
Pearly beads for every brow
'Mid the Subway's fragrance.

Little sunbeam on the pave,
Beautiful and gentle,
Leading daily to the grave
Children tenemental.
Burning up the joy of sleep,
Shriveling the grasses,
Parching lips until they creep
Into rum's morasses, —

Little sunbeam from the sky,
All the germlets waking,
Lifting ice bills up on high,
Future dust-clouds baking;
Bringing us those hopeless dreams
Of "cool woodland places,"
Making "beauty" run in streams
Down fair Broadway faces, —

Making fattest ladies ladies lean
Out of flats for "airing,"
Negligée, yet quite serene,
'Spite of "L" crowd's staring;
'Mid mosquito's buzzing breath,
Housefly's acrimony,
Sunbeam, waltz me on to death,
Or a day at Coney!

— Chester Firkins.

HIS HANDICAP.

UPON MY word, Stookey!" a bit carpingly said Colonel White, "you are the most absolutely worthless and elaborately no-account specimen I ever saw in my life!"

"Yassah! 'Bleeged to you', sah. I 'knowledges de cawn," replied Brother Randolph Stookey, in a chastely triumphant way. "I sho'ly is de champeen; no doubt 'bout it. But lemme spuriate: It all comes fum de inflorence—fum de inflorence, sah."

"The influence of what? What influence are you talking about?"

"W'y, sah, de inflorence of—er.uh!—de inflorence; dat's what I means. Muh whole life, sah, de inflorence has done

been ag'in me. When I

was a baby, dar in de cradle, de neighbors would come in an' joy

a long look at me, and say: 'Well.uh—

uck! Don't he look like a toad?' An'

when I growed up 'nough to sawtuh scurry 'round, dey 'nounced dat I was

bawn to be hung, at de ve'y least. An'

den dey had it dat I would n't wuk, an'

nuth'n' was safe fum muh claws dat was n't

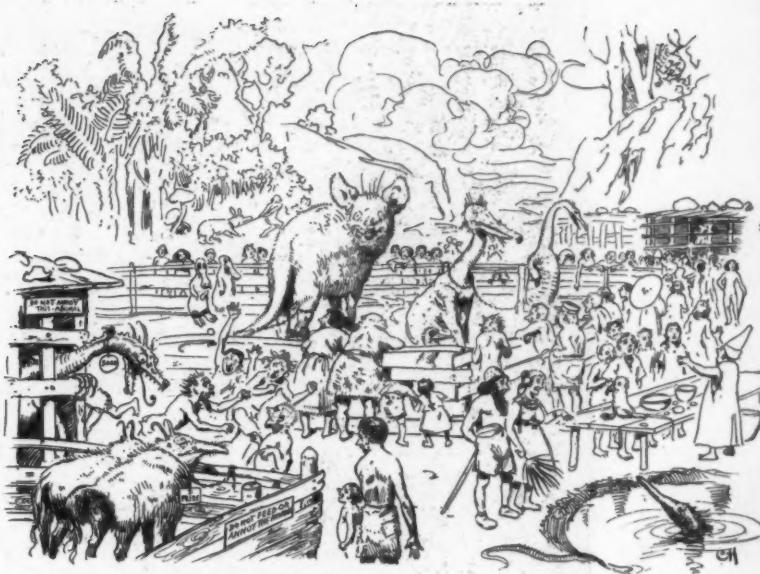
froze down, an' dat I was no 'count an'

never would be. Whenever I fixes it up in muh mind dat now I'll tackle suppin' an' make a show

—Ah, Lawd—dey wags deir heads and norates dat I's gwine to

make a mommox of it; an', lo, I dess does!

"It's de inflorence, sah; dem people d'rects de inflorence ag'in me, an' I's doomed. I kain't make no headway ag'in it,



THE WORLD'S FIRST BENCH SHOW.

sah: I's down an' out befo' I begins. An', wuss'n all dat, I's had muh tin-type bu'ied, an' dat settles me. Ah, Lawd!—if yo' takes de tin-type of a pu'son an' bu'ies it in de ground, face down, dat pu'son'll begin to shrink an' shrink, an' keep uh-shrinkin', twell he's done gone. An' dat's what a cullud man done did to me—claimed, de scoun'el did, dat I cheated him; traded him a watch dat would n't run. Blame' fool!—cou'se 't would n't run! Who in de name o' gracious would want to trade off a watch dat *would* run? Well, an' *Sah?* No, sah; co'se it don't show on muh body. Yassah, sho'ly I's fat—dat is *yit*. It's muh ambition dat's shrunk. 'Bout gone now, an' next muh fat'll 'gin to shrink; an' den I'll be plumb gone. In de meanwhile, sah, if yo' happens to have 'bout haffer-dollar in dem fine-fittin' pants yo' wears so han'some, dat yo' feels like distributin' to a po' shuckless nigger dat's slowly fadin' away, yo'd do me mighty proud, Cuhnel; an' I'd never fuhgit yo' for it, needer, sah!" Tom P. Morgan.



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

THE EARL OF ENNUI (*dreamily*).—Wish I just had er million, and ten years ahead of me.

BARON BEATING-IT.—Well, you grab the million and you'll get the ten years all right, all right.

VOICES OF SPRING.

"ANY nice shad to—
A day, ma'am,
fine roe shad? Yes,
ma'am, they're all
fresh."

"Here y're, lady;
all kinds of potted
flowers, rubber
plants and pa'ms."

"Ain't got no more
oysters, mister. Give
yer some nice clams."

"Smoking on four
rear seats only, mis-
ter."

"Want any ice
this morning?"
"Vi-lets! Tencents
a bunch."

"New pertaters, lady?"
"Oh, straw-berry, straw-
berry!"

"Horse-reddish! Fresh
horse-reddish!"

"Goin' t' th' game this after-
noon?"

"Honk, honk!"

Ghere are compensations in all things. When women get the suffrage they won't want to be moving all the time, for fear of losing their votes.



THE PUCK PRESS

**"THE ULTIMATE C
IF THE TARIFF FARCE IS CONTINUED**



ULTIMATE CONSUMER"
ARCE IS CONTINUED MANY YEARS LONGER.

PUCK



BREAKING IT GENTLY.

"Say, Ma, are you reading 'Household Hints'?"
"Yes, dear."

"Well, would you mind turning to where it says how to take ink spots out of carpets?"

IT MIGHT TAKE A BULLET OR TU.

WHEN Roosevelt has nothing to do
He might take a shot at the gnu.
To knock off the G
Would fill him with glee,
And would n't embarrass the nu.

Charles R. Angell.

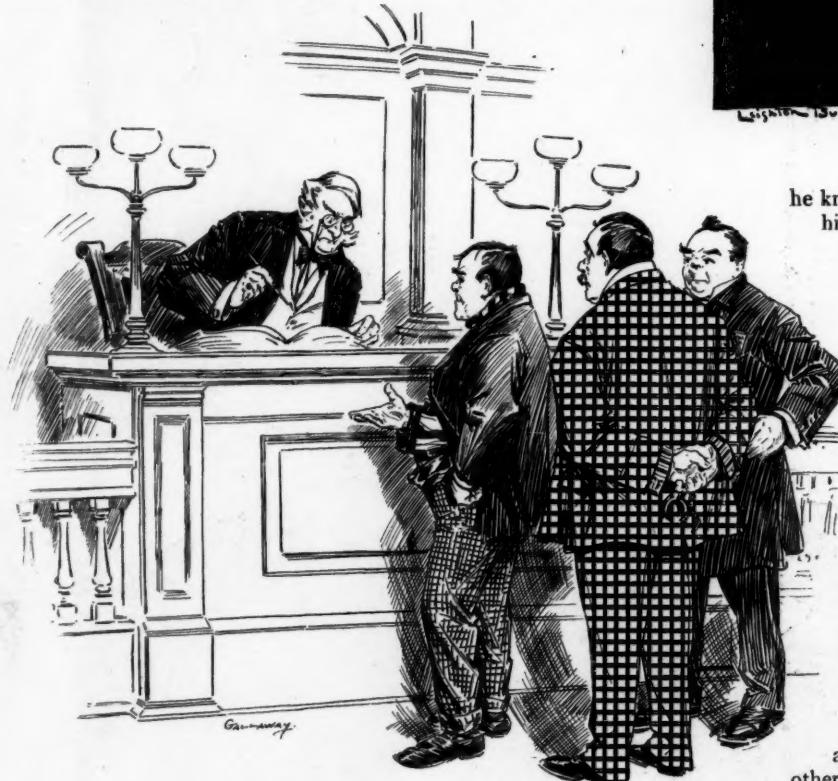
THE BATHROOM.

NOW in the dim, dim past, perhaps in the days of Darius or some other Eastern potentate, a man came unto the domicile of his landlord one morning early, and whined and murmured, saying:

"Lo! my roof leaketh; send a man up to fix it right off."

The landlord could scarce believe his ears; and he said:

"Go to, thou jollier! Dost not remember we have had no rain these many moons, so that the country round about is dry as a bone in the Libyan desert? Besides! I had those cracks plastered



THE SPIRIT OF THE LAW.

JUDGE.—You are charged with being the leader of an organized band of pickpockets!

PRISONER.—Well, yer'll have to impose a fine on de Corporation den, yer know; yer can't punish me personally!

only five years ago, so how can they leak?" For in those days they did not send for the tinner when the roof leaked, but for the stone-mason; because the roofs were flat and tiled with large flag-stones.

But the fellow was as persistent as the rag man who wisheth to buy goods, and said: "Yea, verily I know all that. Yet still it leaketh like a hose pipe at a New York fire. Yea, it drippeth all over my wife's new rug, which I bought from the merchant who came from Smyrna on a camel. It cometh down like an April shower, yet when I go to the door and look out, the weather is full of a clear sky. It remaineth a puzzle."

"I will telephone the weather man for his opinion on it," responded the landlord, "and then look around in the morning." For



BUTTERFLIES.

he knew when he had a good tenant and hated to lose him; so he added, "I will bring along a New Thought book for thee, for I fear thou art falling a prey to melancholy and repining; thou needest jollifying up with that sort of gush. It's very good for the blues."

But when the landlord arrived next morning, lo, there were the dew-drops, percolating through the roof as the tenant had said; and he marveled.

So they got a ladder made of bamboo strips, and leaning it against the wall, easily mounted to the roof. And there sat Simon ben Simon in his portable bathtub, which he had brought up through the skylight,—enjoying a bath and splashing at a great rate, just as an English tourist had showed him how. He was having the time of his life and cared not where he splashed. For was he not high up, where none could see him?

And the landlord was then exceeding wroth, and protested, saying if he did not go off the roof he would pitch the bathtub into the street. And the next day he repented and sent a plumber around to build it into the wall, and a carpenter to form a partition around it; and issued an order that such a room should be a bathroom and be used for no other purpose.

And the news of the incident being noised abroad unto the city, orders were given that no man should thenceforth take his bathtub unto the roof, under pain of paying six plunks in ready money unto the sub-treasurer.

Now, six plunks seemeth not much, and can be said in a breath; but the loss thereof sometimes putteth a man up against it. Sabe!

SPRING HATS.

HERE is every indication that the salad-bowl style of hat is being pushed to the wall by the waste-paper-basket type. These are made of rough straw, mangled into shape, and trimmed with anything, from pullets to petunias, extending from the northeast section of Lot 1, Block 6, to the second story, or, as it is commonly termed by milliners, the mezzanine gallery. The rims of these hats are built like Mansard roofs, and the inside of the rim, or awning, is filled with a ragout of false puffs, peonies, lingerie, and fuzziness.

These hats are worn on the head, as were those of last season, but pushed down further, with eight ten-inch hat-pins jabbed through anywhere from the medulla oblongata upward. In the country districts old peach-baskets trimmed with mosquito net and the tissue-paper flowers left over from the M. E. Christmas sale will be found to give the proper effect. Willow clothes-baskets, inverted, are also much worn.

The price will be, as last season and the season before, more than one can afford, and a buyer will find the most becoming hat the one that is ten dollars more than the utmost she had decided to pay, this sum being eighteen dollars and seventy cents more than Father thought he would have to give up.

Sweet young things who wish to dress their heads modestly will not wear hats with a greater circumference than twenty feet, nor of a greater front elevation than three feet; but all rules have been suspended for those who wish something a little stylish.

For men, the styles in headgear remain about the same as last year. Sons in college will look as much like pirates as possible, but Father will drag his last-year's derby from under the moldy shoe



BROTHER'S LITTLE JOKE.

in the corner of the closet, hit it a few whacks with his elbow, rub that bad spot with the toothbrush, and jam it on his head until the sweat-band touches the bridge of his nose.

Sam Gassam.

THE CRYING QUESTION.

AS THE Frazzled Oats magnate wandered gloomily down the street, he came upon a wooden-legged man crying softly.

"How now, good friend," said the magnate. "Your trouble?"

"I have been reading a speech in Congress about the timber supply. When the wood is all gone, where will I get a new leg?"

"My friend," said the magnate, softly, "I was just wondering the same thing about my Oats."

Whereupon they both went in and had an Arbor Day Cocktail.

Stuart B. Stone.



LITERALLY TRUE.

Cop (just transferred to the Suburbs).—This beat's Hell!



PARCHED.

STRANGER IN THEIR MIDST.—Fishing any good here?
NATIVE.—Naw; town went dry last election.

"YES, SIR, gentlemen; thar's a leetle diff'rence between farmin' out West an' back here in old Varmount," said Uncle Si Eggmann to the cronies around the stove at the Cross-roads store, on his return from a visit to his brother in Dakota. "Now, out thar in the West they don't think they've really got a farm unless it totals about three or four thousand acres; an' if they air raisin' stock they speak o' five thousand head as bein' a 'leetle bunch o' cattle.' An' takes 'em 'bout half a day to hoe one row o' corn, the rows air so long, an' they harvest corn an' wheat enough on one farm to fill our town hall. Now, that's a leetle diff'rent from what it is here in New England, where we call twenty acres o' ground—a fourth of it graveyard—a couple o' dozen hens an' a rooster, six or eight keows, an' a rozberry patch, a farm! Yes, sir, gentlemen; thar's a turrible diff'rence between farmin' East an' farmin' West—a most turrible diff'rence!"

C. C. C.

Stupidity is proverbially lucky, and never more so than in politics, and so there arises what is termed constructive statesmanship.



Eat your favorite food without fear

FORMULA.
Each 22 Gr. Triangle contains
Pepsin—Pure Aseptic
Papain
Diastase
Calcium Carbon Precip.
Cascara Sagrada
Powd. Ginger
Powd. Cardamon
Sugar q.s.
Oil Canada Snake Root

Relieves Indigestion, Dyspepsia and all distress from an out-of-order stomach

Large 50c cases—any drug store

PAPE, THOMPSON & PAPE, Cincinnati, O., U. S. A. and Windsor, Ont., Canada

JUSTLY INDIGNANT.

POSTMASTER.—That feller's a mean skunk an' a liar.

VILLAGER.—Gee! What makes ye think so?

POSTMASTER.—Sent a card through th' mail, an' writ on it: "That rubber-neckin' postmaster'll read this, so I can't say all I want ter." An' I make it a rule not ter read 'em!—*Cleveland Leader*.

PUCK PROOFS

PHOTOGRAVURES FROM PUCC



ON THE PICKET LINE.

By E. Frederick.

Photogravure in Sepia, 19 x 15 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.



A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

By Carl Hassmann.

Photogravure in Carbon Black, 19 x 15 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

These are but two examples of PUCC PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Catalogue with over Seventy Miniature Reproductions.

Address PUCC, 295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

Trade supplied by Gubelman Publishing Co., 801 Third Ave., New York

SPRING PASTIMES.

When I peruse the seedsman's book,
That handy guide,
And at the tempting pictures look,
Then I decide
To purchase hoe and spade and rake
And gleefully a garden make.

But when the poultry book I read,
See Wyandottes
And Plymouth Rocks of stately breed
In handsome lots,
I feel I really cannot sleep
Till I begin to chickens keep.
—*Washington Herald*.

GOOD WORKS—NOT FAITH.

A Kansas preacher likes to tell this story on another member of the "cloth." This other parson missed his train one day, because he relied on his watch.

"I can scarcely believe it," he said, as he looked dismally after the train just disappearing. "I had such faith in that watch."

"Well, it seems to me," remarked his companion, "that this is a case for good works rather than for faith."—*Kansas City Journal*.

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HER EASTER HAT.

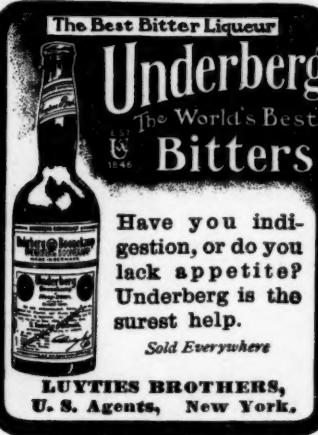
He smiles to see her don it,
And he is happy still;
For though he's seen the bonnet,
He hasn't seen the bill.

—*Lippincott's*.

PA.—Well, what now?

"What is 'atavism'?"

"Atavism is why a descendant of an old family robs a bank."—*Cleveland Leader*.



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104



HOW IT WAS.

"How in the world did this community come to elect such a man as the Hon. Thomas Rott to the legislature?"

"Well," pessimistically replied the villager, "we had the choice of two evils—to elect Rott or nobody. And so we did both."

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in a glass of sweetened water after meals is a great aid to digestion.

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Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters in half grape fruit, after sugar is added, makes delightful morning tonic. Try it to-morrow.

THEY WERE BEGINNING IT RATHER EARLY.

In a summer hotel, where the rooms on the first floor were lettered instead of numbered, a young bridal party were given the suite including the rooms M and L. A new call-boy carrying a basket of fruit for them had forgotten which rooms they occupied, and, coming upon their English maid in the hall, he called out:

"Where can I find Mr. and Mrs. Patrick?"

"You'll find Mr. Patrick in h'M," replied the maid, "and 'is wife is in h'L."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

PHOTOGRAPHER.—Great Scott, man! Can't you look a little more cheerful?

MR. H. ENPECK.—No, sir! Not for this picture! I'm to send it to my wife, who is away on a visit, and if I looked too cheerful she'd take the first train for home!—*Phila. Evening Bulletin*.

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DOING TWO THINGS AT ONCE.

A man hurried into a quick-lunch restaurant recently and called to the waiter: "Give me a ham sandwich."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, reaching for the sandwich, "will you eat it or take it with you?"

"Both!" was the unexpected but obvious reply.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

SUCCINCT.

JUSTICE O'HALLORAN.—Have you any children, Mrs. Kelly?

MRS. KELLY.—I hov two living an' wan married!—*Judy*.

Bunner's Short Stories



H. C. BUNNER

SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

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Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N. P. & S. Bulletin*.

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A HOME TRADER.

A surgeon in a certain town, engaged to perform an operation of minor character upon a somewhat unsophisticated patient, asked him if he were willing to have only a local anesthetic.

"Sure," replied the other, "I believe in patronizing home industry whenever you can." — *Lippincott's*.

VARYING IMPRESSIONS.

"The days are growing longer," said the man who keeps a lookout for the first robin.

"I don't notice any difference," said Mr. Sirius Barker; "they seem, as usual, to be getting longer if you count from one pay day to the next, and shorter if you figure the time between rent days." — *Washington Star*.

JOHN JAMESON
★ ★ ★
WHISKEY

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SOLE AGENTS NEW YORK

A MAN gets mad at his wife if she can't play whist as well as he does, but a good deal madder if she can play it better. — *New York Press*.

HER. — Richard! Why on earth are you cutting your pie with a knife?

HIM. — Because, darling — now understand, I'm not finding any fault, for I know that these little oversights will occur — because you forgot to give me a can-opener. — *Cleveland Leader*.

"Ma, I did n't know the Browns kept horses."

"They don't, my dear. What made you think so?"

"I heard pa telling a man on the street yesterday that Mrs. Brown has the finest carriage of any woman he knows." — *Detroit Free Press*.

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JUST A FEW WORDS.

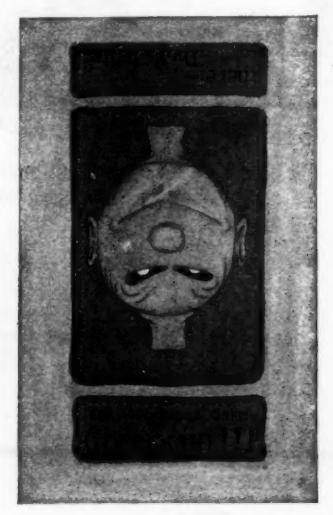
THE MINSTREL. — Peradventure — belike — mayhap — gadzobs
— by my faith — I trow — !

THE FRIAR. — Oddsdevilkins — out upon thee — churl — !

THE MINSTREL. — Methinks — oddslife — by 'r lady — swinish
lout — forsooth! *

* This is a Middle Age jigsaw joke which the reader is invited to put together.

CHEER UP!!!



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A NATIVE-BORN American member
of a party of four business men was
once joking the others on their foreign
birth.

"It's all very well for you fellows
to talk about what we need in this
country," he said, "but when you
come to think of it, you're only intruders.
Not one of you was born here.
You're welcome to forget what you
owe us natives who open our doors to
you."

"Maybe," said an Irishman in the
party, thoughtfully. "Maybe. But
there's one thing you seem to forget:
I came into this country wid me fare
paid an' me clothes on me back! Can
you say the same?" — *Everybody's
Magazine*.

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A PROPOSAL.

GERALDINE.—Life is what we make it.

GERALD.—Let's make it hearts.—*New York Herald*.



CUBAN pacification is at an end for the time, but Cuba should remember that there is more pacification where the present dose came from.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.



HIS FATE.

"Married his stenographer, did n't he?"
"Yes, and he's been short-handed ever since."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

THE Japanese have a controversy they do not desire arbitrated at The Hague, from which the inference is fair that they do not believe the decision would come their way.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

THE ROAD THAT GIVES THE SERVICE.

The business or professional man, the tourist or the occasional traveler contemplating a trip will naturally consider the route he will take.

The captain of industry will choose the road offering a minimum of time en route, convenience of departure and arrival, and facilities for keeping in touch with the pulse of business through the stock and market reports. Some will be influenced by regularity of movement and the assurance of reaching their destination on schedule time, others by the satisfaction that comes of traveling over a rock-ballasted roadway unequaled in construction, in trains protected by a proven system of signals and safeguards, and over a route famous for its diversified scenery.

To those who demand all these essentials of modern railway service, and those who also demand the best in equipment and appointments—electric lights, drawing-room and state-room sleeping cars, observation cars, smoking cars, free service of stenographers, ladies' and children's maids, bath rooms, barbers, libraries, current periodicals, and an unsurpassed dining service—to these the limited trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad between New York and Chicago commend themselves.

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The Pennsylvania is the road that gives the service.

A PEEP AT PERFECTION

Milo The Egyptian Cigarette of Quality



POSTPONED.

"Why so gloomy?"

"My uncle left me out of his will."

"Can't you break it?"

"Not till he's dead."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

A JOY RIDE.

"It's the old story."

"What's that?"

"The owner sneaked the auto, thinking the chauffeur would never find it out. Of course there was a smash-up, and the machine was wrecked."—*Washington Herald*.

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THE

CALL
OF THE
B R O O K

THE DAY was sunny, warm, and still,
I told the boss that I was ill—
And hid away to meadow will.

Adjusting rod, and baiting hook,
All office cares I gaily shook,
And started fishing up the brook.

But, truth to tell, I felt a shirk
To leave poor Jones without a clerk;
The boss beside himself with work.

I pass'd a pool beneath a tree,
Our office-boy saluted me:
"Me grandma died this morning, see!"

Then I found Jones within a mile.
Says Jones to me, with knowing smile:
"I was subpoenaed on a trial."

"Poor boss," I thought, "he's all alone!"
I gave a sympathetic groan—
And there he sat upon a stone!

He did not take poor me to task;
"How's luck?" the old man deigned to ask,
And handed me his pocket flask.

Don Cameron Shaefer.



ALBERT
LEVERING